THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR OCTOBER, 1862,

CONTAINS PROSE AND POETRY BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, JOHN G. WHITTIER, HENRY D. THOREAU, BAYARD TAYLOR, T. B. ALDRICH, AND OTHER POPULAR WRITERS.

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VANITY FAIR

Saturday, September 27, 1862.

JOHN W. FORNEY.

AN "OCCASIONAL" CONTRIBUTOR TO THE PRESS.

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This Day is Published:

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FOR

OCTOBER,

1862.

The List of Contents and Contributors is as follows:

AUTUMNAL TINTS. By the late Henry D. Thoreau.
DAVID GAUNT. By the author of "Life in the Iron Mills."
EUPHORION. By Bayard Taylor.
HOUSE-BUILDING. By J. Eliot Cabot.
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AN ARAB WELCOME. By T. B. Aldrich.
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THE SHOWMAN AT HOME.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

If Stonewall Jackson will get religion and come over to our side, I'll give him ten dollars a month out of my own pocket.

We hear very much, too much, about great plans of battle. The only plan of battle should be—*to lick 'em.*

Onless there's different management right off, the American Eagle will have to disguise hisself as a Shanghi Rooster and make tracks for Canady; while the Goddess of Liberty will have to go out doin' gin'ral housework, at two dollars a week.

As for Pope, I can only say that I like his poetry a good deal better than I do his gin'ralship.

A hansum young gal in our town was sot-up with one night by a noble young specimen of the true American, with scissors in his vest pocket—I mean a dry-goods clerk—and the young gal's mother, hearin' suthin' pop, arose from her couch, under a impression that her oldest boy, who was given to friskyness, was holdin' a wild revel on the root-beer in the west-room. But on openin' the door she diskivered it was huggin' and kissin' which had awoken her from her peaceful repose. "My daughter, O my daughter!" this fond parrink did cry, "oh! that I should live to see this doins in my own housen!"

"I know, dear mother," this sweet village maidin did unto her mama quickly reply, "that it is quite unproper, *but it's orful soothin'!*"

So the subscriber isn't quite sure that it's right to speak so freely as this about public affairs, but it kinder soothes him to do it.

It's now the sweet, sad season of the year, gentle Ortum. My little daughter is singin' an entirely new song, called "Listen to the Mockin' Bird." Guess you hain't got it in New-York yet. She's been a-singin' it to me about all the time, day and night, for the past four weeks. I think I'm goin' to like it. But I can't tell until it has becum somewhat familiar to me. Yes, this is Ortum! And is it not sad to think that the leaves, now so beautiful and green, will soon wither and fade? Is it not? I'll bet 'tis.

My family and I and several nabers sot round the fire (for it's coolish up here) the other night. There was the Schoolmaster, the two Mis. Balkinses, the editor of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty*, Mis. Sary Peasley, and a few others.

Mis. Peasley is an old maid, but tain't her fault. It gin'rally tain't in these cases. And before I forgit it, let me tell you a little story, and let me call it "Mis. Peasley's Revenge."

Mis. Peasley was once betroughed to a young feller which he was engaged into mercantile pursoots. He said he thought all the world of her, and stated that onless she consented for to be his'n, he should lose all relish for vittles, and his dead corps would be found floatin in the river, some fine mornin'. Mis. Peasley rekiprocated his pertended love, and like a good girl as she was, she said his people should be her people, and that wheresoever he wentest she would likewise wentest with him. But she never wentested. The false lover went and married a rich young gal, with a temper like winegar and crab-apples. She made him mis'ble by her cuttins-up, which it pleased Mis. Peasley. But she wasn't sufficiently revenged as yet. She bided her time, and it came. The mercantile man got religion one day, and it was given out that he would be baptized on a certin Sunday, with some other converts. A large crowd assembled to see the baptismal, and as the minister was leadin' the mercantile man into the lake, Mis. Peasley stept up and gave him a large bar of yeller soap. The minister was so 'stonished he scacely knew what he was about, but he took the soap in one hand and the mercantile man in the other, and marched into the water. The convert's wife stood among the crowd on the shore of the lake at the time, and bein', as it has allus been supposed, actooated by a spirit of cussedness, hollered out as loud as she could holler, "That's right. Give him a good washin', Mister Minister!" Mis. Peasley went home. Mis. Peasley was revenged.

As I obsarved, we all sot there before the fire; and presently we was jined by my full and efficient orchestry, Herr Yawcub Von Skimmerhorn. He plays the hand-orgin in my show; and to my mind there's no sweeter music than flows from a orgin, altho' I do not, myself, grind. I remember composin' a Dirge on my step-cousin's death, with a chorus, which I sung with marked effect, accompinied by the orgin.

My orchestry is a gigantic German, and can lick a yardful of wildcats before breakfast without sweatin' a hair. He'll bear lettin' alone about as well as any man I ever saw. So I told him if he heard any man smaller than he was talkin' secesh to gently toss him into the lake, and then pull him out. He said he'd do it, and I kinder reckoned he would.

"Where has my Yawcub been?" I said. "Dutchman! what of the night?"

He said he'd been sousin' secessionists in the lake.

"That's quite right," I said. "Don't let the horses drink there for a day or two. Your conduct, Yawcub, pleases me. So you put the vile secessionists into the drink, did you, Yawcub?" and I larfed at the idee.

"Yaw," he said, "I buts dem all in. Dey schqueal like ter tam!"

The door here opened, and Mr. Skimpins, the village lawyer, entered.

"How are you, Skimpins?" I said, risin to greet him.

He was a picter to behold. His hat was off, his hair looked like a parcel of drowndid rats, and his garments was soakin wet.

"Why, bless me, Skimpins, I'm afeared you're wet!"

"Oh! you are, are you?" he replied; "well, perhaps I am a leetle moist. Your big Dutchman there has been throwin us into the lake pretty lively this evenin! He said it was your orders to duck all seceshers; and on my tellin him I was a strong Union man, he said that wouldn't save me onless I took the oath of allegiance in Dutch!"

"He has a fine appreciation of American humor!" said the Editor of the *Bugle.*

"You've carried this a leetle too far, my forrin friend," said I, "and I must supersede you, altho I may give you a mountin department. If you shouldn't happen to like a mountin department, you can retire to Gloucester, Massachusetts. It is necessary," I said, "to put the foot down firmly once in a while. I shall adopt new views as fast as they appear to be true views. What I do about things I do it about em, and what I don't do I don't do it, not much, I don't. My wife don't, either."

"What's the matter with the old fool?" inquired Betsy, layin down her knittin work and comin to me.

"The giant intelleck wanders!" murmered the schoolmaster.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Skimpins, who was ringin the water out of his coat-tails, "perhaps it's suthin with sugar into it."

"Neither," said I. "My mind is clear. I'm loocid. I'm honest Old Art! And I'll tell you a little story. When I lived———"

"Ha!" cried the Editor of the *Bugle*—"a despatch! a despatch!" and he tore a paper from the telegraph boy, who stood in the doorway. "It's from Washington. Washington is safe!"

"It *must* be safe," I said. "I don't care whether there's a gun in Washington or not. Let all the men we've been sendin there for the past year and a half just lay down as thick as convenient on the outsquirts of the town, and it will take the entire rebel army six months to climb over them! Yes, I think Washington is safe."

"The affairs of the nation," said the schoolmaster, "are conducted with signal brilliance."

"Whichunce?" I asked.

"Brilliance, sir—brilliance!"

"You speak skarcasticly?" said I.

"I do. Why don't the Gov'ment use the negroes. Why not make em useful in every possible way? The rebels make em shoot at us—why shouldn't we teach em to shoot at the rebels? Admittin, for argyment's sake, that negroes isn't superior to horses and asses—don't we work our horses and asses?"

"Yes, certainly," I replied, "we work our horses, but we put asses *onto* em! That's what makes us so sick!"

"I think I see it," said the schoolmaster. "We ain't very well, that's a fact."

"No," I replied; "and I'll say this: if with our vast advantage, in almost every respect, over the South; if we, a great free nation by ourselves, can't wollup the foe till he yells for mercy, then I'm goin to Mexico where they have a stable Gov'ment, and the rest of you had better take suthin warm and lay down! But, my friends, never despair of the Republic. We air about to try it on agin, with a army big enough to grind the enemy to powder—a army to be led, let us all pray, by *one* good man. Better or braver troops never [illegible] than ours. They've done *their* duty, God bless em! But they've had too many bosses. The only trouble with our splendid army has been *Bad Bossin*. This is to be reformed hereafter—and so hooray for the old flag! May it soon fly over every State, with all its wanderin stars come back agin, as in the happy old time! That's worth fightin for—it's worth dyin for! Young man, inlist right off. Air you afeared it'll spile your beauty? Let me tell you that the best and prettiest girls in this country air hereafter goin to be courted by fellows on crutches, who have done great things in battle, and you chaps who staid at home in your country's dark hour won't stand no more chance of gettin one of em than J. DAVIS does of goin to heaven in a balloon! Enlist—enlist! In the language of HAMLET'S daddy, 'list, oh! list!!"

And it bein late, the company dispersed.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

MARYLAND, Sept. 17th.

DEAR VANITY:—Let the above date suffice. I do not care to inform the public . . . and the Rebels especially . . . of my exact whereabouts. The correspondents of the Press are not permitted to state any facts, now-a-days. . .

Which may account for the character of their letters generally.

Congratulate me, my VANITY! I have driven the Rebel hordes from Virginia.

I drove them into Maryland.

They are horribly destitute, but well provided with United States treasury notes, gold, silver, copper, nickel, and postage-stamps, with which they pay liberally for everything they want.*

Latest advices from Squan, N. J., say that the backbone, etc., etc., is broken in that region.

Steps are being taken for the permanent renewal and reparation of the Anaconda. Since General POPE ignored strategy and defence, that reptile has become a little leaky, but under General MCCLELLAN . . . the soldier who was never whipped . . . it will soon regain its muscular proportions.

A friend who lives in New-Jersey informs me that there are a good many hunky boys down that way who want to organize independent cavalry troops for scouting and skirmishing on the borders. I sincerely hope that Governor OLDEN, who is a very sensible man, will hasten to grant permission for the organization of such forces. They are needed.

At the time that POPE drove the Rebels from Manassas to Alexandria, President LINCOLN called upon me in some excitement.

"It looks badly, MAC," said he, thoughtfully turning his quid; "what ought to be done?"

"You know what *I* think, Sire," I responded.

"You think as always, I s'pose."

"I s'pose."

"And that is? . ."

"That GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN is the only man in the North fit to be Commander-in-Chief of an Army!"

ABRAHAM was silent for a moment.

"Well," he said, finally, "I don't know but you're right."

"I never was wrong, your Honor."

"Hm . . . but my Secretary of War thinks . . ."

"Oh! yes, I know. President ABRAHAM, I want to tell you something. All last winter and spring we had nothing but Union victories. Fort Henry: Fort Donelson: Newbern: Bowling Green: Columbus: Island No. Ten: New-Orleans: I don't know how many places, fell into our hands one after the other. That was with MCCLELLAN at the helm. Since then we have not gained one considerable victory. This is with STANTON at the helm. I don't want to be invidious, boss, but you can draw your own conclusions. And I can't say that I think much of a magnate who spends his time in writing letters to the crazy editor of an Abolition paper."

ABRAHAM colored a little.

"No . . . no . . ." said he; "I don't s'pose it is quite consistent with the dignity of high office; but then, these confounded fellows bother a man, so! Now, how many letters do you suppose Colonel GREELEY has written to me, since my inauguration?"

"Can't guess."

"Four hundred and ninety-six. And he hasn't got through yet."

The President heaved a sigh that was almost a moan.

I asked him to take a nip, but he declined.

"I knowed a young man out to Zanesville," said he, "who got to drinking, and he died. It made an impression onto me. I've never drinked a drop, since."

"I honor you for it, Sire," said I with effusion; "but it is a necessity with me. Not only is the spirit willing, but the flesh is mighty weak; so, with your permission, I will pause in my mad career, and take a drink."

"Now, about MCCLELLAN," resumed the President; "if I reinstate him as Commander-in-Chief, people will say: 'Oh! ho! Old ABE is backing down! The press has bullied him.' Now, I don't want 'em to think I'm bullied."

"We can fix that, sir, easy enough. You have a good head for jokes. Can't you think up some little dodge?"

"I might . . . why, yes . . . I might make him Commander of all the forces at Washington, and then call in the whole Army to Washington, eh?"

"Capital! Do it, ABE," I cried, quite forgetting myself.

So he did it. At first, the home traitors all crowed. MCCLELLAN reduced to the handful of troops in Washington, they thought, was a great coming down. In two days their faces fell . . . the whole Army of Virginia was under MCCLELLAN!

This was the work of MCARONE.

* Although this statement is corroborated by the daily papers, we fear there is some error in it.—VANITY FAIR.

A SAFE BET.

SOME people are astonished at the effrontery of the Rebel General LEE, in betting a hundred to ten that he will take dinner at WILLARD'S in a fortnight or less.

We don't see anything remarkable in it.

We consider it, on the contrary, a perfectly safe bet—a regular "open and shut" thing—for LEE, and a dead "sell" for his opponent.

For LEE has only to be taken prisoner to be sent to Washington, instantly paroled, and, walking into WILLARD'S with a small roll of "greenbacks," he may dine there as long as they last, like any other man.

"It's as easy as rolling off a log!"

And we trust we shall not be considered as sympathizing with the Rebellion, when we add, that we sincerely wish General LEE may win his bet in the facile and ingenious manner above specified.

"CARPE DIEM."

A "GENERAL" HINT.

WHEN Generals find, in dirty Poli-
Tics, that demagogues betray,
How should they show their melancholy
Conviction that it does not pay?

The safest way to prove repentance
Sincere, and shun disgrace condign,
Is, to forestall the nation's sentence,
And—ere their "goose is cooked"—resign!

To be Sure.

A COUNTRY paper, in the frenzy of prophecy, warns the Canadians of a future emergency,

"When the Yankee is knocking at their door and the 'Ome Government has left them to their own protection."

We are truculent. We propose to whip creation, as a matter of course. But wouldn't it be well to take care of General Stonewall JACKSON before we swallow the British Provinces?

PEASE AND RICHARD.

WHILE acknowledging the benevolent animus which has evidently instigated the Peace Society of London in addressing their late remonstrance to the People of the United States, we still feel bound to differ with that well-regulated association, on the subject of fighting in general, and this private little "difficulty" of ours in particular.

Messrs. PEASE and RICHARD, spokesmen for the Society, object to the settlement of any kind of quarrel by means of what they are pleased to term "brute force." Forgetting that there is such a record as written history, PEASE and RICHARD plaintively inquire of the American people, "How is it possible that conflicts of brute force can decide complex questions of moral and political right?" and, following up this puzzler with zealous but illogical proposition, suggest a settlement based upon the principle of the tranquil prayer-meeting.

The rights of private property, O PEASE and RICHARD! may be taken into comparison with those involved in what you call "complex questions of moral and political right." Just view matters in the plain, ungassed light of every day, then. If a rough stops you on the highway, PEASE, and wants to borrow your watch, or your port-monnaie, is it your little game to back down before him instead of showing fight? We ask the same question of you, RICHARD. Did you ever dispose of one such rough by singing his hat over his eyes with one of Dr. WATTS's ravishing melodies, and then lulling him into the roadside gutter with some extract of SPURGEON? Respectable persons as we believe you to be, PEASE and RICHARD, we would not suppose you capable of asserting any such thing; rather would our experience of human nature lead us to indulge the hope that you, PEASE, had butted your head full into the corduroy stomach of the highwayman, while you, RICHARD, aided him to his downfall with a kick in the ribs, and then sat assiduously upon his head until the laggard police arrived to your reiterated yells.

This gives about the short and the long of every kind of fight. Yet, O Peace Society of London! in the green ones of this world have you many admirers. Tastes differ. There are those who like nothing so well as Pork and Beans; there are a few who think everything of PEASE and RICHARD.

About a Foot.

JENKS thinks there is unnecessary alarm about the invasion of Pennsylvania by the Rebels, because, from the unscrupulous eagerness with which they plunder the shoe-stores in Maryland and the border, it is evident that they will advance scarcely a bare foot toward the centre of the State.

A Tale of the Sea.

"How terribly the ship labors!" exclaimed the Passenger to the Captain, as they stood together in the bight of the binnacle; "what cargo have you in the hold?"

"Petroleum," replied the Captain, turning his telescope in his trousers' pocket.

"Oh! ah!—petroleum," rejoined the Passenger—"that's Rock-oil; no wonder she rocks."

Correction.

IT has been incorrectly stated that APPLETON OAKSMITH, who broke jail the other day, was originally a dentist. The assertion probably originated in the facility shown by him in Scaling the prison walls, and getting rid of the jailer, who is said to be a Tartar.

Fishy.

WE have lately seen a newspaper paragraph describing a "Trout Factory" in full operation somewhere in Connecticut. The writer has neglected to inform us what kind of wood the trout are whittled out of, but, on a rude guess, we should say that it must be Bass-wood.

NEW DUET.

FOUNDED ON THE "LOGIC OF EVENTS."

AIR:—Blue-eyed Mary.

UNCLE SAMUEL.

COME, tell me, peaked stranger,
Say, whither dost thou roam?
O'er my domain a ranger,
Hast thou no friend or home?

STONEWALL JACKSON.

They called me "Stonewall JACKSON,"
When friends and fortune smiled;
But Stonewall J. his back 's on,
He now is sorrow's child.

UNCLE SAMUEL.

Come here, I'll buy thy plunder,
And ease thy hapless lot:
(What shall I buy, I wonder!)
Let's see—what have you got!

STONEWALL JACKSON.

I've nothing but these laurels!
They're fading awful fast:
Distress hath spurred my morals,
I loathe the sinful past.

UNCLE SAMUEL.

Look up, then, poor forsaken!
I'll give thee house and home:
And, if I'm not mistaken,
Thou'lt never wish to roam.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Once more I'm happy "Stonewall!"
Once more has Fortune smiled!
He who's content with one fall
May yet be fortune's child!

MYTHOLOGICAL MUSINGS.

POMONA, the goddess of fruit, sits by the Park railings every day now. CERES is also to be seen, by those who cross the ferries and look for her yellow crinoline in the fields. BELLONA is rampant away on the Maryland borders, but we don't see much of VESTA anywhere. Such is life.

We are told by the poets that "VULCAN forged the bolts of JOVE," but they have neglected to inform us whether RHADAMANTHUS sent him to the State prison for doing it.

Was the nectar quaffed by the gods a sparkling beverage or a still? We incline to suppose that it must have been the latter. At least, were the gods to bloom out again upon us, we think they would like it Still.

It would be a curious and interesting subject for the dog-fancier to trace the descendants of CERBERUS. Might not the animal known as the "double-nosed pointer" prove to be from the stock of the dog with three heads?

Curious Physiological Fact.

EXACT observers must doubtless have remarked that the mosquito always alights and remains upon a wall, or other perpendicular surface, with his head upward. From this fact a well-known physiologist, (initials of name, V. F.,) has adduced the supposition that the industrious insect in question is subject to rush of blood to the head—the only difficulty being to determine who is the legal proprietor of the blood that rushes there, whether the mosquito, or you, or ourself, or any other man.

Bad for the Sioux.

WE would not give much for the chances of the red men of Minnesota, now that the paroled men of our army are going to be sent after them. Only think what a fine time the Paroled Man would have had but for the Red Man! The P. M. would have been an immense "straggler" here, with his bounty, and his pay, and his uniform, and nothing to do but sport them all. But, lo! the R. M. arises like a little cloud upon the horizon, and the P. M., who is not a P. M. to him, must chase him in his native wilds. The vicious feeling of the P. M. toward the R. M. may therefore be imagined; it cannot be described.

A DELICATE POSITION ALL ROUND.

Sporting.

It is asserted by some of the daily papers, that a set-to may shortly be expected to come off between the African champion, Windall Phillips, and George F. Train, known in sporting circles as the "Lightning Express." The bells used in training these renowned athletes are not the normal Dumb bells, but regular hard old metallic ringers, with tremendously long tongues.

Lyrical.

The very conflicting reports recently wafted to us regarding affairs at Harper's Ferry, would almost warrant one in supposing that the Harper to whom that place belongs must occasionally perform upon the Lyre.

Beau-coup!

Fitz-Boosey, whose French is somewhat misty, reading in the *Richmond Enquirer* that "Washington will have to be taken by a '*coup de main*,'" remarked that the *demain* spoken of was one of those "*to-morrows* that never come."

Pickled Butternuts.

Judging from the quantity of salt said to have been recently sent to the rebels in Maryland, it is evident that they regard themselves as likely to be placed in a pretty considerable pickle before long.

A Race that must be Run — into the ground.
The Sioux Race.

GERMANTOWN GRAPHICS.—WAR SERIES.

Sept. 13th, 1862.

It is reported that the Market men from White Marsh, who passed through Germantown this week, on their way to supply Philadelphia and New-York with chickens and butter, were fully armed and equipped, in anticipation of being stopped on the road by Rebel Guerrillas.

Some of them, even, imagining that Germantown might be already in possession of the Invaders, bivouacked in their wagons all night, between this place and Mount Airey.

They were, one and all, determined to sell their lives quite as dear as their produce!

Judge, from this desperate resolution, of their lofty courage!

A well-known citizen of Germantown, having been repeatedly told by his wife that "his fingers were all thumbs," is about to claim exemption from military service on the score of digital deformity.

The stocking-weavers of this outskirt propose organizing themselves into a *corps d'élite*, for the extermination of the Confederates, in the confident belief that they can never get "worsted" in Rebeldom. To forestall troubles about the bounty, however, they say they will not move a foot, without the Government "socks" first.

The able-bodied youth who represents Germantown in its poetic aspect, having imprudently exposed himself to a "draft," is now suffering from an eruption of a uniform character all over his body. The county surgeon has prescribed a "private" pedestrian excursion Southward, accompanied by occasional letting of blood.

Upon his return from the Doctor's, the melancholy youth handed us the following verses written in microscopic letters on the back of a condemned postage-stamp:

HOMŒOPATHETIC.

"Come, strip your manly form, young man!"
The cruel surgeon sternly cried:
"All right! The homœopathic plan
Will suit you, slightly modified."

"How?" cried the Youth, in wan despair.
The crul surgeon only laughed,
And said: "A speedy change of air,
Methinks, will neutralize the 'draft'!"

Sept. 15th.

Germantown was invaded this morning by a stranger in a buggy, who drove furiously up the street.

The Home Guard were instantly on the alert.

The Alert is situated immediately facing the bar of Br—ner's Tavern.

From the gloomy aspect of the stranger, he was at first taken for General Lee on his way to dine in Washington. A large demijohn in the buggy added color to this supposition.

He drew up in front of Br—ner's, and rushing through the ranks of the H. G., took up a position in front of their battle array, and asked the H. G. to "join him."

It is our painful duty to state that the H. G., without a single exception, and uncompelled, yielded to the request of a single and apparently unarmed man, and "joined him" at once!

He then announced himself as the bearer of—a patent infallible glue for the mending of fractured earthenware.

Upon our expressing the opinion that that sort of thing was "run into the ground," he retired in a gentlemanly manner.

A stray Zouave remarked, that "the fellow ought to go to Pekin, and cement the broken peace of China there."

But being instantly struck on the diaphragm with a spittoon, he relapsed into silence.

And, from a milder cause, so doth, for the present.

Yours, Hans Von Puck.

The March of Decrepitude.

A foreign correspondent of one of the weeklies writes that "Edinburgh is deserted by everybody that has been able." This seems to argue an exodus of all decayed individuals, and must, therefore, be considered a good thing for Edinburgh. We sometimes wish that "everybody that has been able" would leave Washington also; though, even then, we might not get rid of the Cabinet officers.

Right to a T.

General McClellan is said to have "taken tea" with Mr. Stanton, one evening last week. Sound the glad tidings.

A FRIENDLY HINT.

Governor Curtin.—"FRIEND JACKSON, THEE MUST LEAVE OF A SUDDEN; THEE HAS NO BUSINESS HERE, AND I MUST REPROVE THEE—THUS!"

OUTRAGE ON A BRITISH SUBJECT.

Milesian Female.—(*To exotic Swell, who has eaten one of her peaches.*)—"IS IT TO PAY ME WID A STAMP YOU WANT? IT'S HARD CASH I PAY FOR ME PACHES, AND IT'S NOTHIN' BUT HARD CASH I'LL TAKE FOR THIM!"—(*Swell hurries away to British Consul, to complain of what he calls an "American Houtrage."*)

Coincidence.

"STONEWALL" the Rash, with "several" thousand men,
Marched on the North, and then—marched back again!
A King of France did something—saith the rhyme—
Much like this exploit, in the olden time;
Save that the simple ascent of a hill,
And its descent, displayed the Monarch's skill,
And that, *unlike him* of the *quaint surname*,
The *King marched back no quicker than he came!*

Mother Goose on the Rebel Invaders.

HICKORY, dickory, docks!
They crossed near the "Point of Rocks;"
But encountering MAC,
They "skedaddled" back!
Hickory, dickory, docks!

A Shaky Jibe.

"WHY is Philadelphia in such a tremble at the prospect of invasion?" asked the Barkeeper, gently warming the ice in his hand ere he dropt it into the tumbler.

"I suppose," said the Judge, taking a pull at the punch, "it is"—another draught—"because"—a longer and stronger swig—"there are so many"—setting down the emptied glass—"Quakers there!"

The Barkeeper drew a long breath, and instantly made another punch, with the same ice, for a strange customer.

Con.: By a 'Bull,' (*not* John.)

WHY is "Stonewall" JACKSON like a too-confiding capitalist?

Because he makes rash "advances" upon contested property.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE—No. XI.

FROM THE REV. MACPELAH BAXTER, D.D.

NEW-YORK, Sept. 12th, 1862.

VANITY FAIR: Kind Sir:—Pray do not think it strange I should decide to notice thus pointedly a print so light and worldly as yours—given, as I perceive, to matters which (alas! that it should be said) are the furthest removed from whatever is naturally grave and serious. Oh! that there should be *need* of such a print! Why will the world be so foolish and wicked? But until it shall cease to be so, (oh! could I be assured of the blessed dawn of a better day!) I will not decry your publication; for it verily maketh many deserved thrusts, and hath already achieved much good.

There is something very painful to a religious mind in the thought that so many of our journals and hebdomadals should in these times be biassed by prejudice, and warped from the line of truth and justice. It is terrible, but true, that three different dailies, and one weekly, have this morning refused me space for the expression of my views on the subject which you have promptly granted me leave to treat in your columns.

To come at once to my point, I would call your attention to the painful fact that the late Letter of the individual termed Parson Brownlow, addressed "To the Governors of the Loyal States," was actually *written on the Sabbath!* So far from this shocking fact having been concealed by the Parson—who, I am bound to acknowledge, is very direct and open—he rather calls attention to it. After speaking of the way in which he had improved the previous Sabbath—by preaching to a regiment in Philadelphia—he adds, "I improve [mark the word] this Sabbath, Sept. 7th, by writing this address to the Governors of the Loyal States."

When we consider how fearfully the times have changed since the days of our godly Puritan forefathers—how that the sacred Sabbath is suffered to be profaned by our resident population, through visits to the Central Park, and other attractive places, where they have the worldliness and hardness of heart to seem happy and contented, and not at all chastened by serious thoughts—how that soldiers are marched, drums are beat, telegraph operators are kept employed, and people venture to think of war and carnage, and to inquire eagerly for news, even on the steps of the sanctuary—we confess we are staggered, and feel apprehensions of some signal and fearfully abrupt expression of divine wrath. But nothing, in the way of Sabbath desecration, has seemed to me so shocking and every way terrible as this sin of Parson Brownlow. I am indeed told that he has been known to curse, and also to exhibit unseemly vehemence in his denunciations of offenders; but we must forgive something to human weakness and infirmity. In this latest and most heinous sin, however, I can see no palliation. Some would urge that so long as there was palliation for the man who had rescued his unfortunate beast on the Sabbath day, another might on that day essay to deliver his country—which certainly is of more value than an ass; but, granting him to have but that Sabbath conceived the idea, and to have felt that even an hour's delay were too great—how much more piously would he have been employed in meditating on the things of eternity, or even in gently dozing, with religious unction, and dreaming of the heavenly mansions!

I have sometimes thought it would have been judicious, in the translators commissioned by King James, to have dropped the passage to which I have referred, with other kindred ones, since they have worked so much mischief in minds of a worldly tendency. I am afraid that the very *name*—*Sun*-day—which our ancestors wisely shunned, has mischief in it. I therefore, for myself, abstain from the use of that term, and believe I am thus helped to repress the light and careless ideas apt to be suggested by it.

Though feeling as if I had but begun my theme, I am conscious I ought to use no more of your limited space, and therefore desist—begging leave to commend what I have said (in all humility) to your earnest and prayerful consideration.

Your brother in the faith, MACPELAH BAXTER, D.D.

THE TOWN SHOWS.

FIRST in order, this week, Mr. Printer, comes our sometime Circus-Manager and now Opera-Director, Mr. JAMES MUNROE NIXON, who is about to apply the MONROE doctrine, in all its force, to the Academy of Music.

As I had the pleasure of announcing last week, Mr. NIXON gracefully commences his new career by introducing to the operatic stage the brilliant and beautiful CARLOTTA PATTI. I venture to predict that her début will turn out to be the musical event of the season, and that henceforth her path, hitherto somewhat thorny, will, like that of her sister ADELINA, be strewn with flowers. Truth to speak, I have already sent her a nosegay myself, and had it presented (never mind thanking me, for I did it out of pure diffidence) in the name of VANITY FAIR. Other offerings of the kind—and of every kind—will be sure to follow, and, before the season is over, the Academy may present such a scene of triumph as has not been witnessed there since the advent of JENNY LIND.

The impediment that has hitherto kept Miss PATTI from the operatic boards (her well-known lameness) has been, if not wholly removed, reduced to an all but imperceptible limp, which sometimes—like a slight squint, for example, or a lisp—makes people all the more interesting. In fact, the worst that can now be said of her in this respect is that (to strain a figure a little) she *lisps with her feet.* (N.B. I can't quite say I should like to see her squint, but she has a way of winking her right eye, at a certain point in one or two of her songs, which takes the audience right off their seats; a susceptible friend who sat near me, the other night, said if she did so again he should *call for the police.*)

In respect to her vocal powers and her promise as an actress, there appears to be no difference of opinion. The uncommon purity and sweetness of her voice—the facility with which she executes the most difficult *tours de force* (as if she had been practising all her life on a musical trapèze)—the marvellous ease and grace of her movements—the striking beauty and expressibility of her countenance—and these qualities set off with rare dignity and elegance of manners—constitute her one of the most charming and accomplished persons that ever conquered lyric or aspired to operatic honors. The only question, therefore, to be decided—and it is one in which the entire sympathies of the public are enlisted—is whether she has secured a permanent remedy for her lameness. At present the belief is that she *has,* and that the Opera will thus, for the second time, (the case of ROGER, the great French tenor, representing the first,) be laid under lasting obligations to surgo-mechanical science.

I have not yet seen the ingenious and intricate apparatus alluded to, but I mean to on the second night of Miss PATTI'S appearance; and if it doesn't work well—or if, like the famous cork leg, it works *too* well—I promise next week, on the faith of a Critic, and in the interest of Science—to say nothing about it.

The next names on my list, Mr. Printer, are Mr. FORREST, Mr. HACKETT, Miss BATEMAN, and Mr. SHAKESPEARE; and I regret to say that I must huddle them all up in a single paragraph.

In respect to Mr. SHAKESPEARE, I must be allowed to congratulate the public that, like Mr. WEBSTER, he "still lives," and that, notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. CHARLES LAMB, he bids fair to hold his own on the stage quite as long as most of his successors. In respect to the players aforesaid, I have only to say, in general terms, that never yet having seen any good tragic acting, (except in domestic life,) I can speak with unqualified praise only of Mr. HACKETT, whose FALSTAFF is so perfect in every detail, that his name must continue to be identified with it, for generations to come, against all comers. The performances of Mr. FORREST and Miss BATEMAN, however, have been marked by great energy and power, and were I what is called a "Muscular Christian," I could say some things about them that would sound pretty fine. But, fortunately perhaps for you and some others, Mr. Printer, I am *not* a "Muscular Christian," and therefore look upon the whole school of modern tragedy as one that ought to be immediately dismissed. I must be excused for mentioning Mr. FORREST and Miss BATEMAN in the same breath, but I do so because I look upon them both as great artists, taking substantially the same view of their profession, and having attained to a perfection in it (from the stage point of view) which in each case—and especially, considering her youth, in that of Miss BATEMAN—calls for the highest commendation. That they take a different view of tragedy from the subscriber, is after all a matter of small consequence, (except, possibly, to him,) since they conform to the best traditions, and more than meet the requirements of the public. Moreover, no one can produce the effect that Miss BATEMAN has just done in LADY MACBETH, and Mr. FORREST in HAMLET and OTHELLO, without possessing, if not genius, at least a high order of talent, which, as things go, is in much more demand. (I think all this is rather muddy, Mr. Printer, but perhaps, if you will give it a little time to settle, it will come out all clear.)

And now, a word of greeting and gratulation for LADY LAURA and MINE ANCIENT at WALLACK'S, who, after no little dalliance and delay, have at last not only issued their cards, but actually opened their doors. I fancy there will be something like a love-chase between them all the season. They both open with the dear old comedies, and both have something livelier in store in case the old comedies get musty. In respect to the two companies, one hardly knows what to say. Mr. WALLACK retains all his old favorites, excepting Mr. BLAKE, who has gone over to Miss KEENE, and his place will be almost made good by Mr. JOHN GILBERT. Miss KEENE has parted with several of her best actresses, but, *en revanche,* she has engaged Mrs. SEDLEY BROWN, who promises to be one of the leading attractions of the season, while in the way of actors she has added to her list, besides Mr. BLAKE, Mr. CHAS. WHEATLEIGH, Mr. CHARLES WALCOT, Jr., Mr. STUART ROBSON, and others, making—with her ladyship at the head—rather a formidable company to contend against.

When the contest between the two houses is fairly under way—comedy against comedy, comedian against comedian—I will endeavor to give some account of it. At present, the parties have but just entered the ring, and any opinion as to their respective qualities would be premature.

In regard to general matters, there is very little to say.

ULLMAN is expected home by the next steamer, and, according to his agents here, will commence a short operatic season at the Academy on the 15th of next month, in order to bring out Mlle. CORDIER, a *prima donna* who made something of a hit, awhile ago, in New-Orleans; then again, on the 15th of November, war and weather permitting, he promises us another season with the great TITIENS as the star; both ladies to be supported by BRIGNOLI, FORMES, SUSINI, D'ANGRI, etc.

Meanwhile GRAU and MAX MARETZEK have come to an *entente cordiale,* and, when NIXON has finished his week, will take the Academy and give half a dozen performances or so, commencing on the 29th, with MAX'S new troupe, consisting (and this is the only correct list) of Signoras CHARTON, MEDORI, SULTZER, and YRADIER, with Signors MAZZOLENI, MINETTI, BELLINI, BIACHI and VIALETTI.

Miss BATEMAN will leave here presently for Philadelphia, after having played thirty nights to full houses, and in the parts of JULIA, ROSA GREGORIO, GERALDINE, LADY MACBETH, BIANCA, THE MADONNA OF ART, and PAULINE—a pretty brilliant achievement for a girl of but eighteen summers, and even bigger in promise than in execution.

Miss KEENE, as I should have said before, gives us among other of the standard comedies, "Old Heads and Young Hearts," "The School for Scandal," "The Road to Ruin," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Heir-at-Law," "The Rivals," and new plays by Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, CHARLES MATHEWS, JOHN BROUGHAM, and CHARLES READ.

WALLACK will travel pretty nearly over his last year's tracks, unless the public warns him off, in which case, as already intimated, he will be ready with something new.

So you see the season opens brilliantly, and, despite the war, we are to have our regular rations of cake and ale.

Rejoicing that it is so, and rejoicing still more that there is now a prospect of peace, I remain, Mr. Printer,

Yours and so on, PPPS.

WHO WOULDN'T BE A SOLDIER?

Young Lady, (occupied in scraping lint.)—"OH! HOW HAPPY, HAPPY I SHALL BE, IF THIS SHOULD GIVE ONLY ONE OF OUR DEAR WOUNDED SOLDIERS BUT A MOMENT'S RELIEF!" (*Our artist has done his best to depict chagrin of attendant cavalier.*)

For Parisians, only.

OUR French Contributor says, he rather likes to wet the backs of the postage-stamps with his tongue, because every time he puts one to his lips it reminds him of a delicious pear he used to have at home—the "*Glue morceau.*"

Revival of an Old Friend.

THAT celebrated Yankee snake, the great American Sea-Serpent, has long been a stranger to the cherished scenes of his youth. We had commenced mourning him as dead, and were in the act of writing his epitaph, or rather epithalass, when he sweetly turned up again in a Nevada newspaper.

They have discovered a new salt-pond out there, in the midst of a dry wilderness. It seems, from the description, to be a water-spout from the sea, forced up through the ground; and as it is inhabited, according to the Nevada newspaper, by a serpent one hundred and fifty feet long, we have little doubt that the hole was bored by the snake in his efforts to get away from some Yankee whaler, who was after him with a diving-bell and harpoon on the bottom of the sea.

The snake of the Nevada salt-pond appears to be fond of mutton, as he came up out of his briny retreat to look after a sheep killed on the margin by the enterprising discoverer of the pond. Naturally, fresh mutton must be a novelty to a fellow living all his life in pickle, as he appears to do; but he has a fine display of wild fowl in his larder, it seems, the Nevada newspaper stating that there are no end of ducks and geese in the rushes about the lake.

We don't know about the ducks and geese; but we can easily imagine that there must be a good many "rushes about the lake" when that old anaconda sticks his head up to have a squint at the editors of the Nevada newspaper.

LINES TO THE SENIOR EDITOR OF THE "HERALD."

SUGGESTED BY HIS ATTACK ON THE MANHATTAN GAS MONOPOLIZERS.

GIE it them, JEEMS, with all thy brass,
Pour vengeance on the men of gas,
Most potent supervisor.
But, JAMIE, I would plainly ax
Why you impose the nation's tax
On each poor advertiser?

Fie, JAMIE, fie! shame on your plan,
To tax each struggling artisan
The debt you owe the nation;
Or, what is worse, on girls that stitch,
And rub and scrub, and made you rich,
Impose the Federal ration.

Consistency's a jewel, JEEMS:
Pluck out thy mote, nor heed the beams
Of those plethoric Viziers,
And show the world your good intent
By striking off the large "per-cent"
You laid on advertisers.

Freedom Forever.

OUR philosophic friend of the *Tribune* speaks of "the great idea of Freedom which stands open-handed at our portals, and stretches forth electric touches which reach all men." This, we understand, is intended in a complimentary spirit to Mr. Provost-Marshal KENNEDY, who is presumed to be a fine embodiment of the "great idea" in question, and whose "electric touches" are said to be very touching, particularly in Cell Number Four.

At the Sticking-Point at Last.

H. C. SPALDING, of glue reputation, is raising a company for the War. We hope when they reach the front of battle the company may stick together, and that they may always have a glutinous appetite for the enemy. Balls have been facetiously called Pills, and here Captain SPALDING may find it desirable also to arm his able-bodied men with his CEPHALIC PILLS, if he has an extra stock on hand, as, properly administered, the foe would inevitably be forced to make a rapid retreat.

Latin for it.

"MERCY on me! the Rebels have crossed the Potomac at NOLEN'S Landing!" cried the alarmed Landlady.

"Indeed!" said the Lodger, calmly. "Well, what landing do you suppose they will make when they recross?"

"Dear me! how can I tell? Which do you think, sir?"

"I opine that they will make a *Nolens volens* landing!" replied the imperturbable Lodger.

Genius.

A PROVINCIAL critic says of one of the female novel-writers, that "she rises with each occasion for the display of her genius." Does her genius consist in a well-turned ankle? or what?

A Coincidence.

IT seems that LITTLE CROW, chief of the Sioux nation, has dismounted from his high perch, and gone down on his marrowbones to Colonel SIBLEY, praying for mercy.

In connection with this, the rebels, who had their Little Crow in Maryland—and a very brief cockadoodledoo it was—have shut up very suddenly, and may soon be expected to go down on their marrowbones to MCCLELLAN.